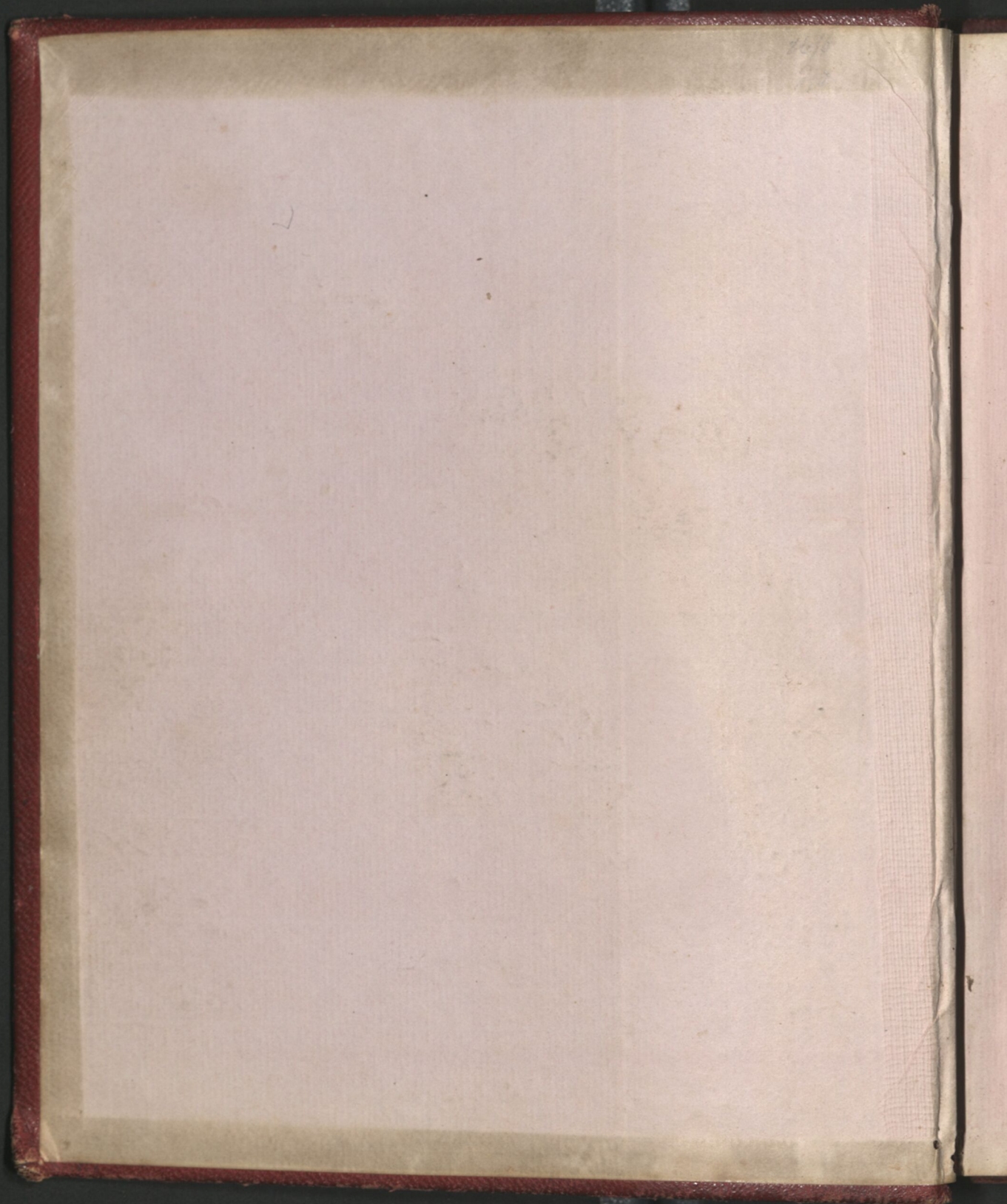


ALBUM  
OF THE  
HEART







No. 2634

29  
17  

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43

To Miss Emma Coleman  
From her esteemed friend  
Mary. J. Gardner



1000-18



COLEMAN—SAWYER—In this city, April 28, by Rev  
O T Walker, at 49 Harvard street, Thomas Coleman,  
Jr, to Abbie A Sawyer, both of Boston.





*Zulekha*



L B U M.



W. H. W. & S. N. Y.







# ALBUM.

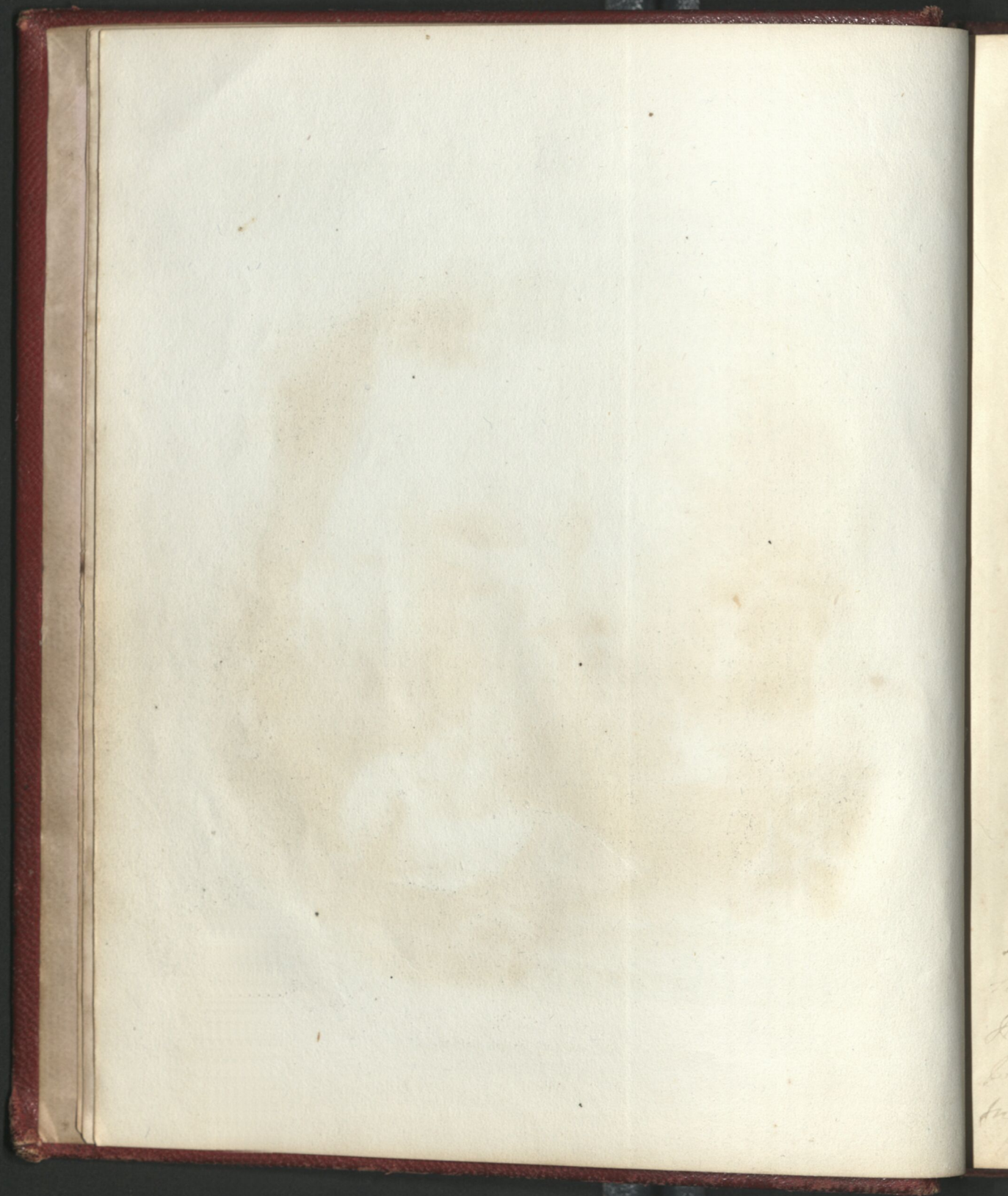


Drawn by F. W. Topham.

Engraved by A. L. Dick.

New York,  
PUBLISHED BY RIKER, THORNE & CO.  
129 Fulton Street.



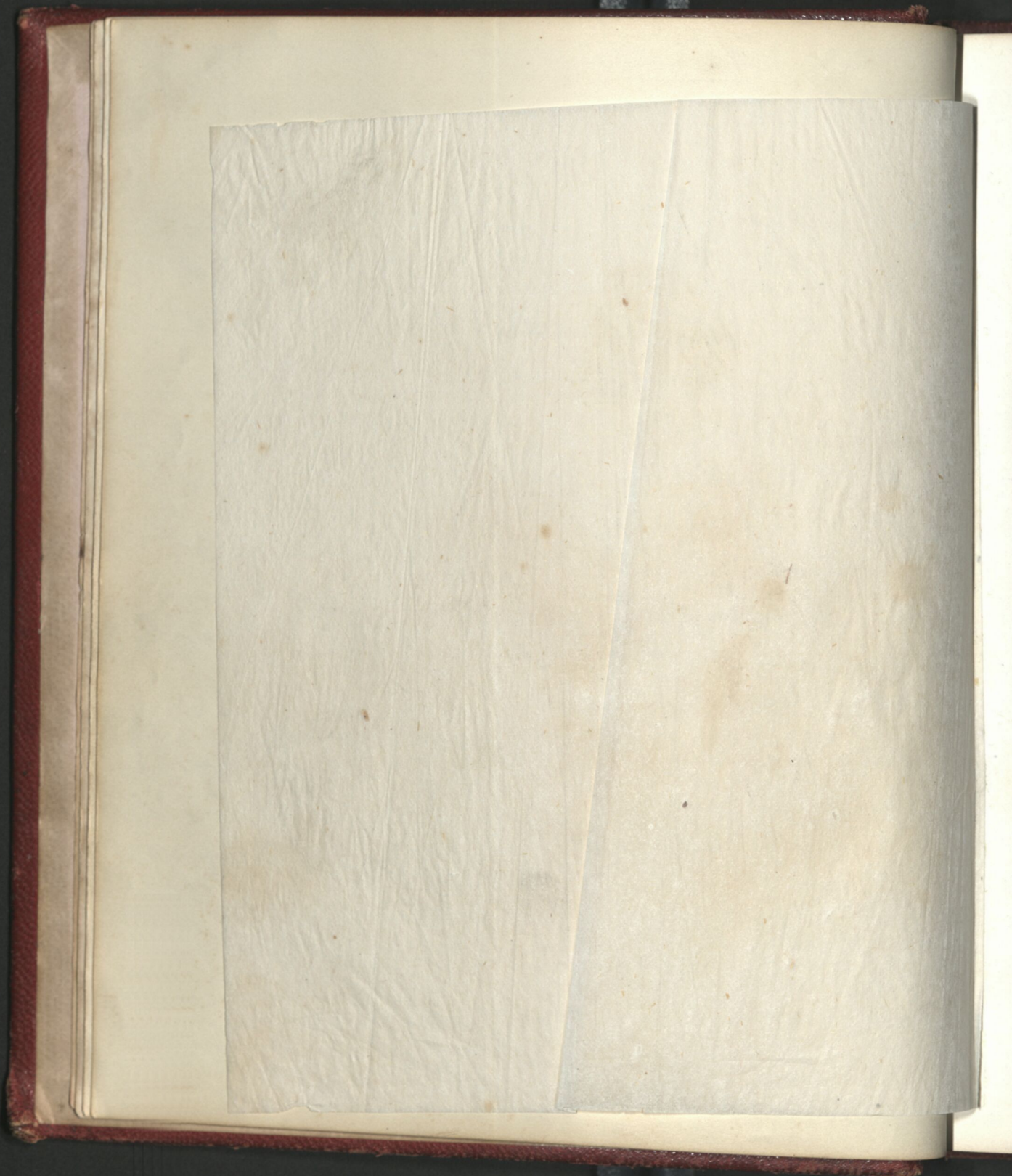




"Album of the Heart"

That varied emotions fill the breast  
As we scan thy spotless pages  
Of how many tokens of love and  
friendship will thy pages bear  
The impressions long, long, perhaps,  
After the writers have passed  
to the spirit-land. Many whose  
autographs are here, I will never  
meet upon the shores of time,  
but as each peruses the sentiments  
of the other, doubtless the cord  
of sympathy will be struck,  
And although brightly dashed  
of others may roll between reader  
And writer there will be a  
union of feelings a sweet consciousness  
of sympathy pervading each breast.  
Mayest thou be so truthful the "Album of the  
Heart" may so false sentiments be thy  
pages, but thy honesty and love will their  
help over them, and may give receiver,  
reader and peruser. Consider this what  
the book thou art the depository of love purity and  
fidelity. — C. P. Fox. Haverhill N. H. Sep. 15. 1861







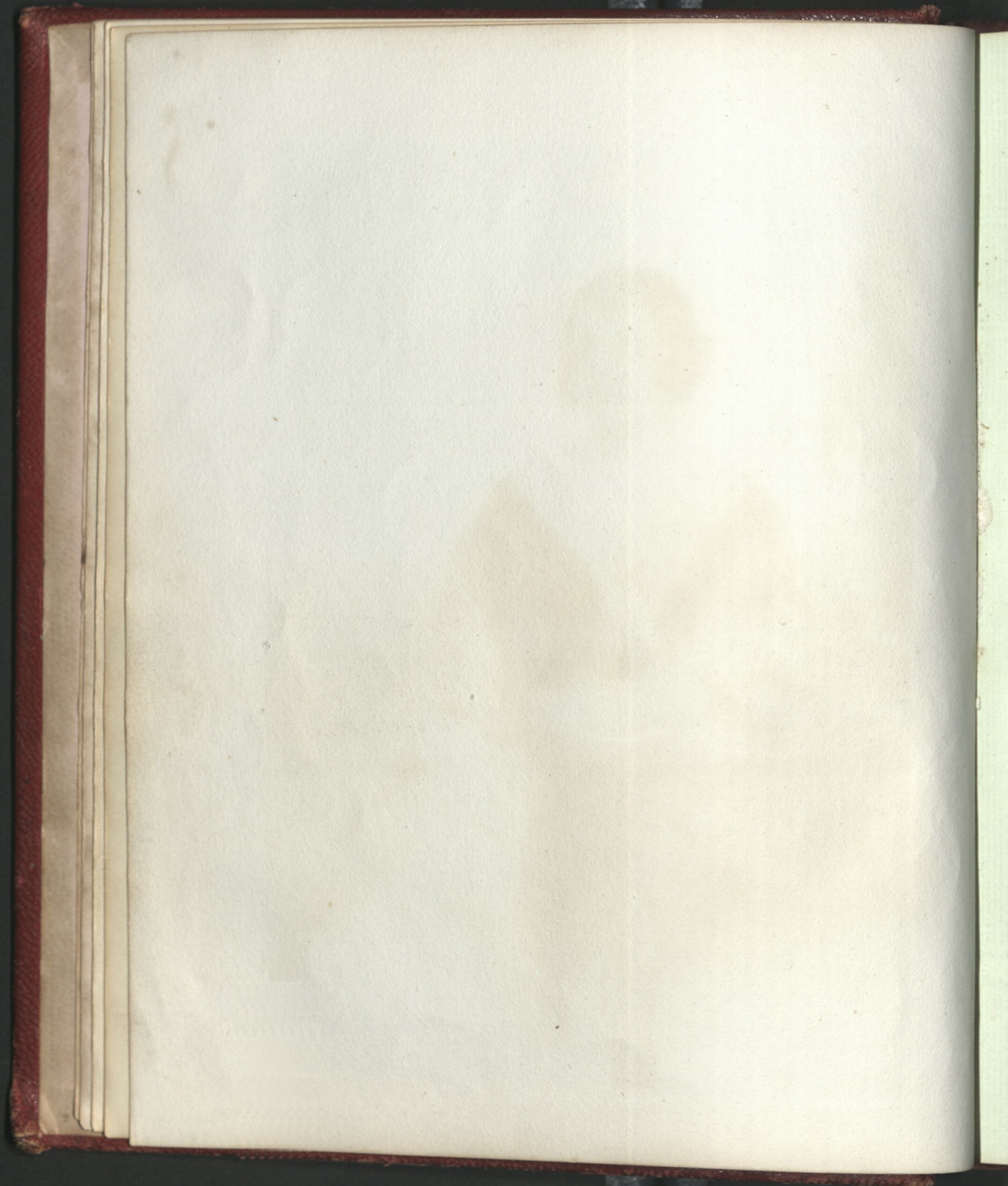


J. Hayter.

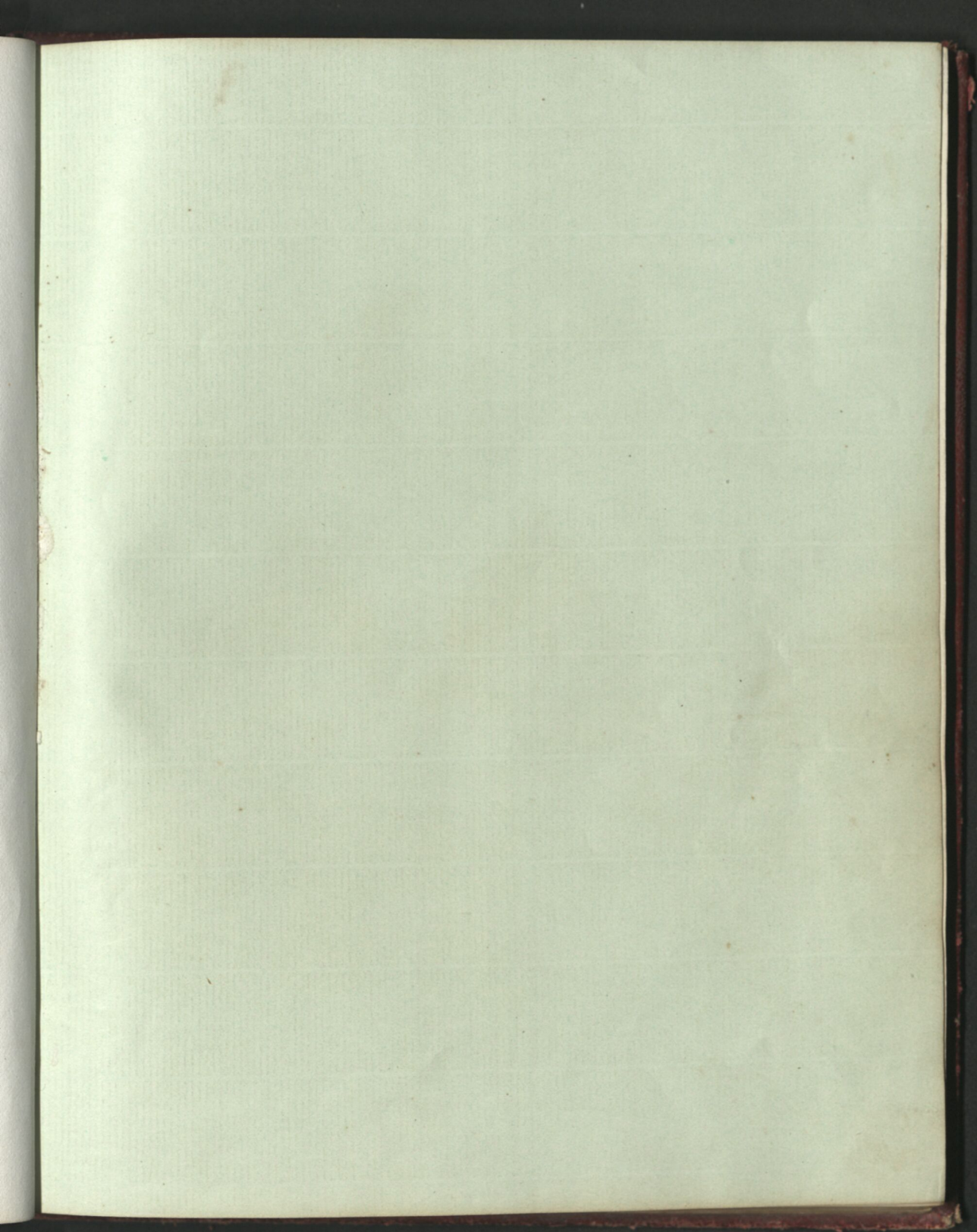
A. Dick.

THE VALENTINE.

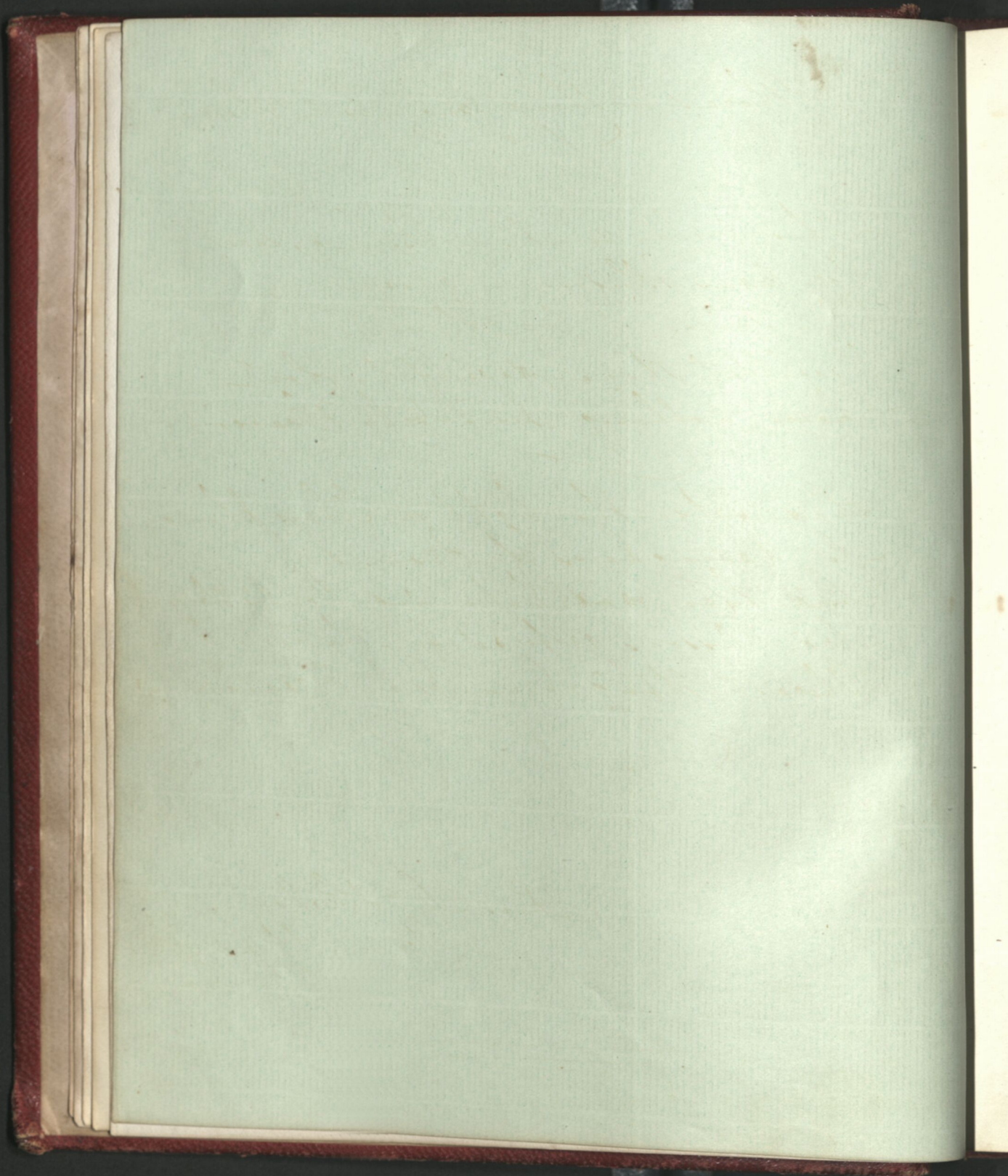














There's nothing here, but Heaven!  
" " "

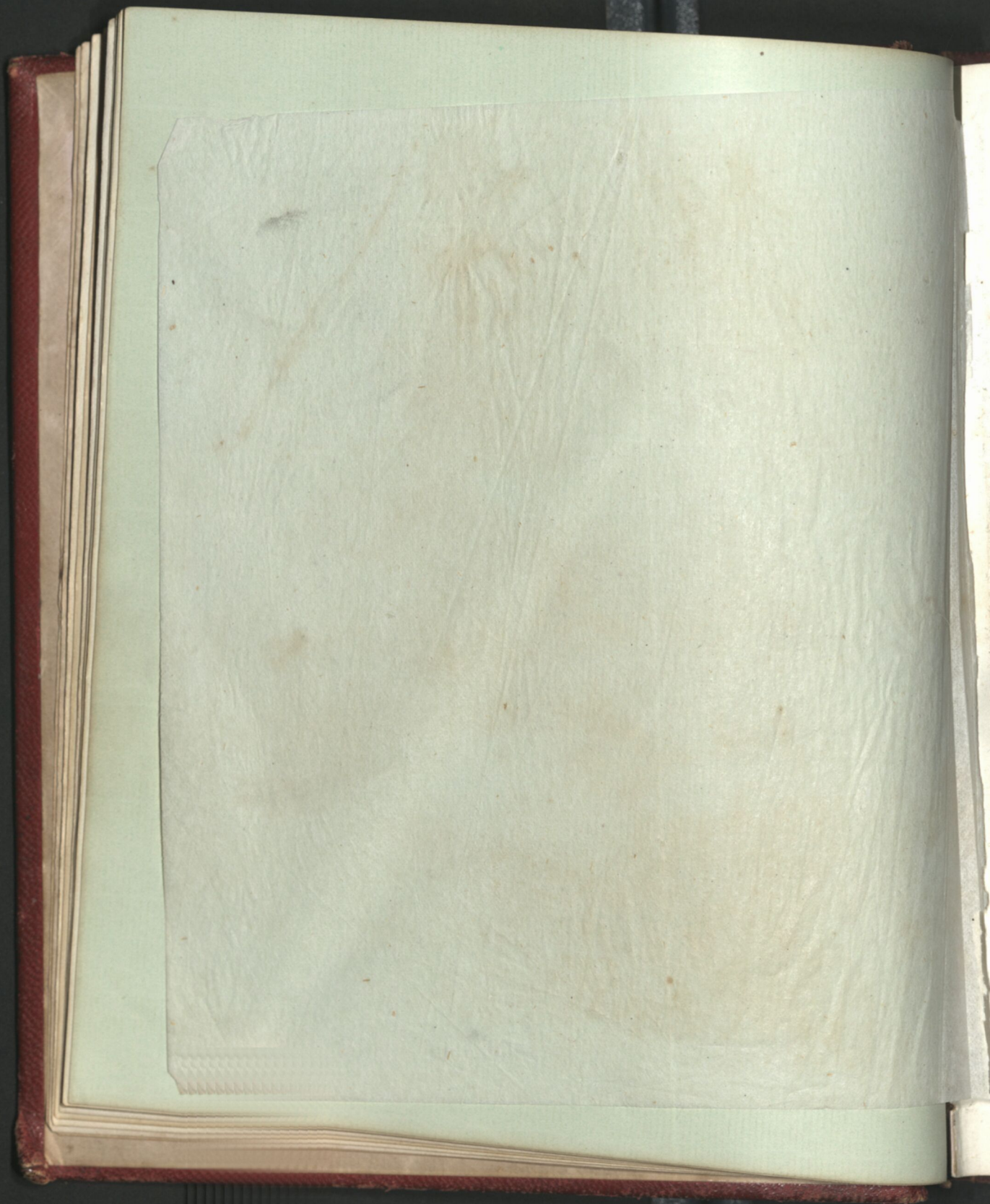
This world is all a fleeting, show  
 For man's illusion gives  
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
 The peaceful thing, the peaceful show  
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on <sup>the</sup> Torgs plume  
As fading knew of even;  
Had love and hope and Beauty's bloom  
The blossoms gathered for the tomb  
There's nothing true but Heaven!

Geo. A. Horton.

Yarmouth N.S. N.  
Sept 12.  
1861.







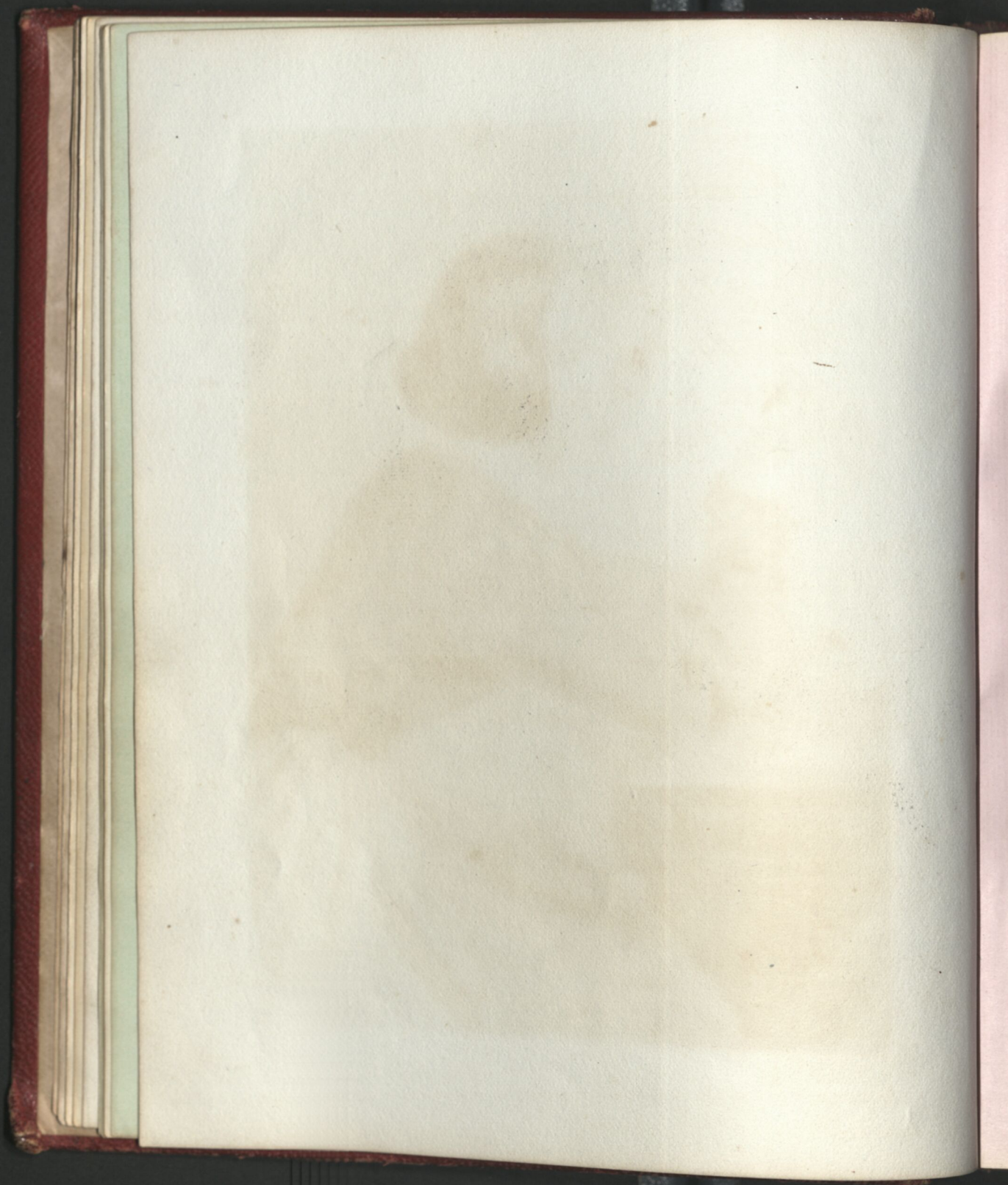


A. Derby.

Rice & Buttre.

*Love's Medical Dream*







Go Emma.

Go where glory waits thee,  
But while fame elates thee,

Oh! still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is the sweetest

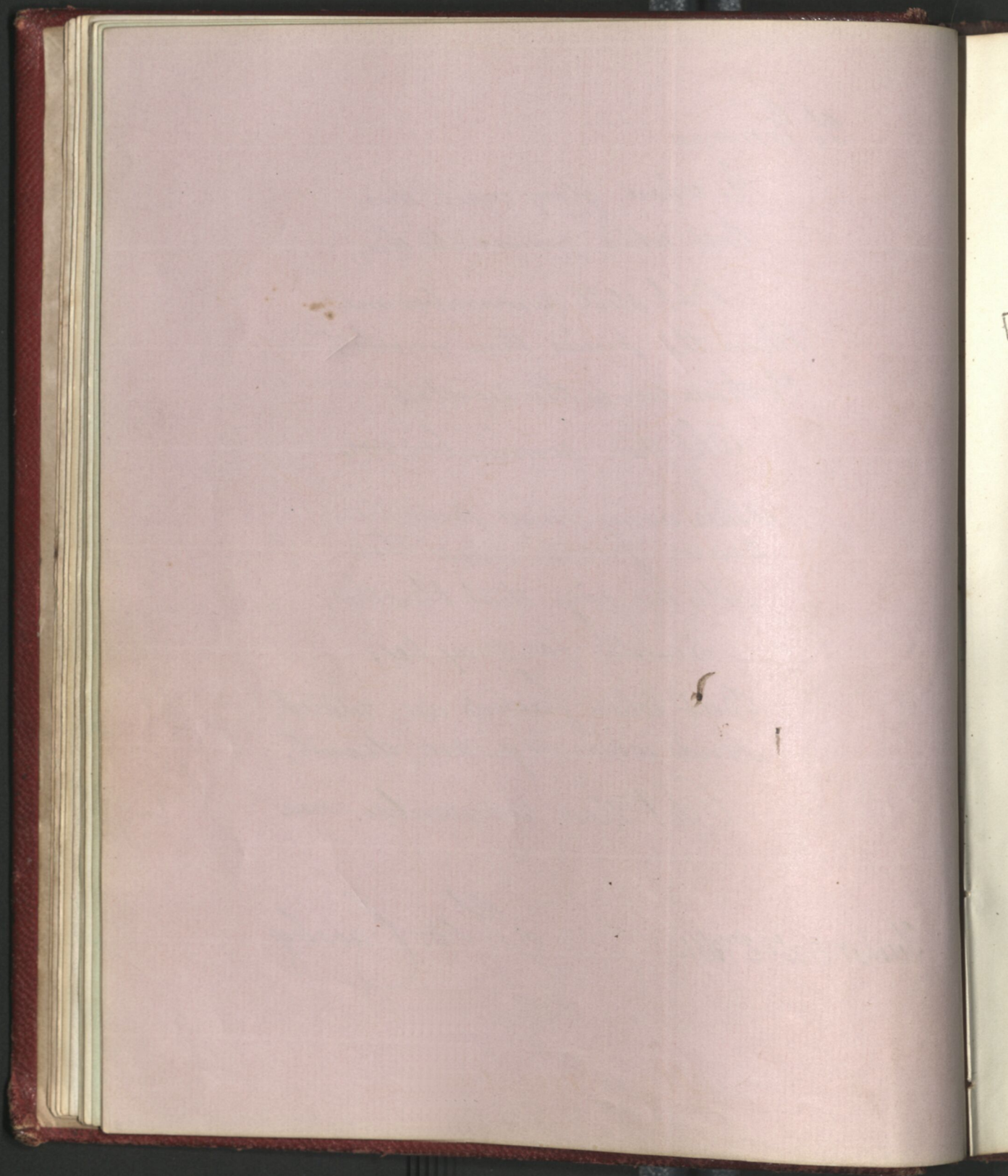
Oh! then remember me,  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,  
All the joys that bless thee,

Sweeter far may be;  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh! then remember me.

Yusker Oct. 3 1861

J. B. Crosby











This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book, and the overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.



To Emma

Dear charming maid thy transient stay  
Is like a short autumnal day  
On bleak Aeadam's dell

To soon that sweet angelic face  
All radiant with attractive grace  
Must bid us all "fare well"

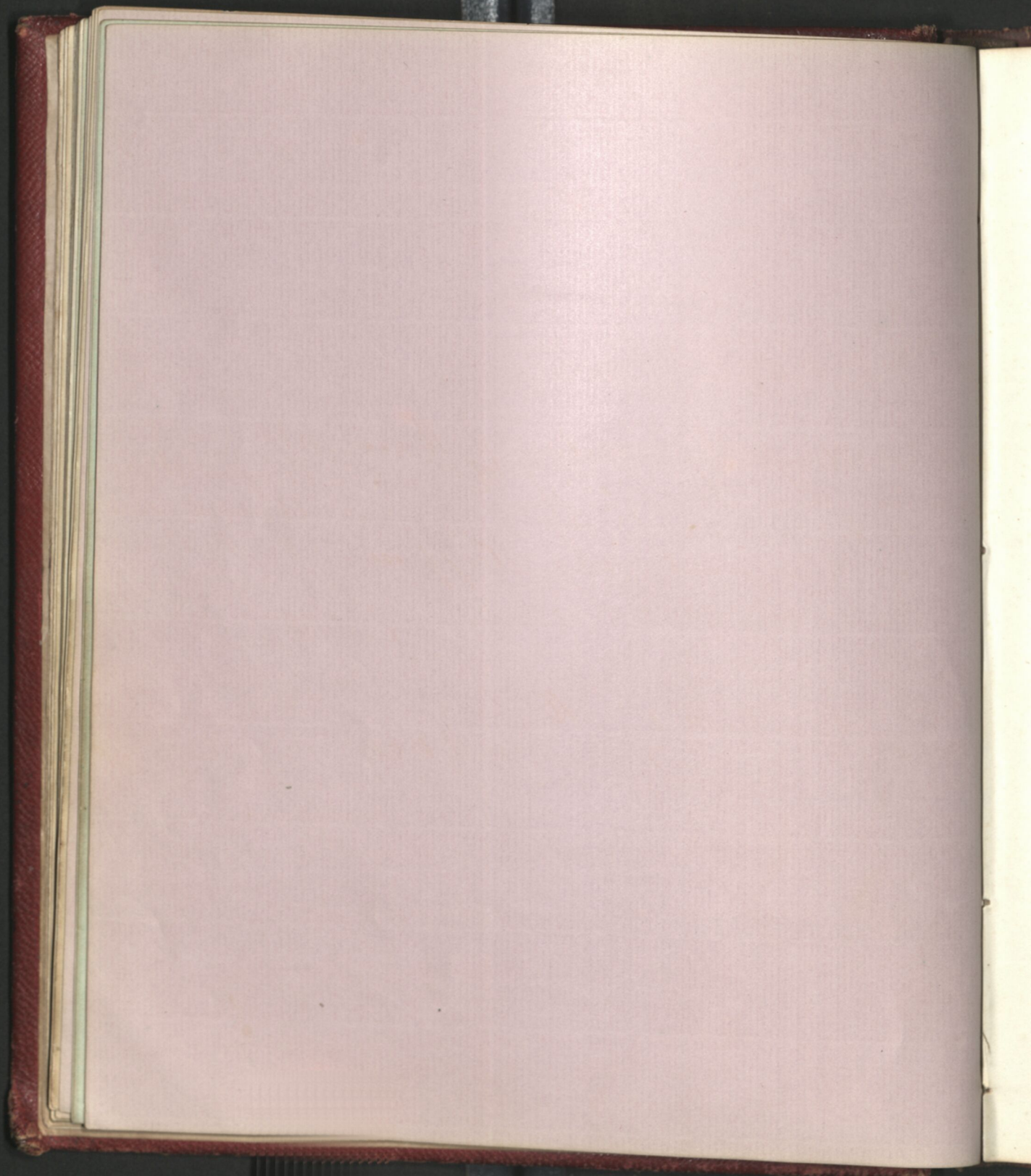
And thou wilt cross the azure main  
And view thy native scenes again  
Thy dear sea-beaten blanco  
Where friends and kindred all elate  
With greetings kind thy form await  
With open heart and hand

May He whose mandate seas obey  
Safe waft thee over the wat'ry way  
With breezes blandly fair  
And may thy life be joy and love  
With choicest blessings from above  
To our united prayer

John Edward

Garmansh  
Mrs. Edwards  
October 15-1861







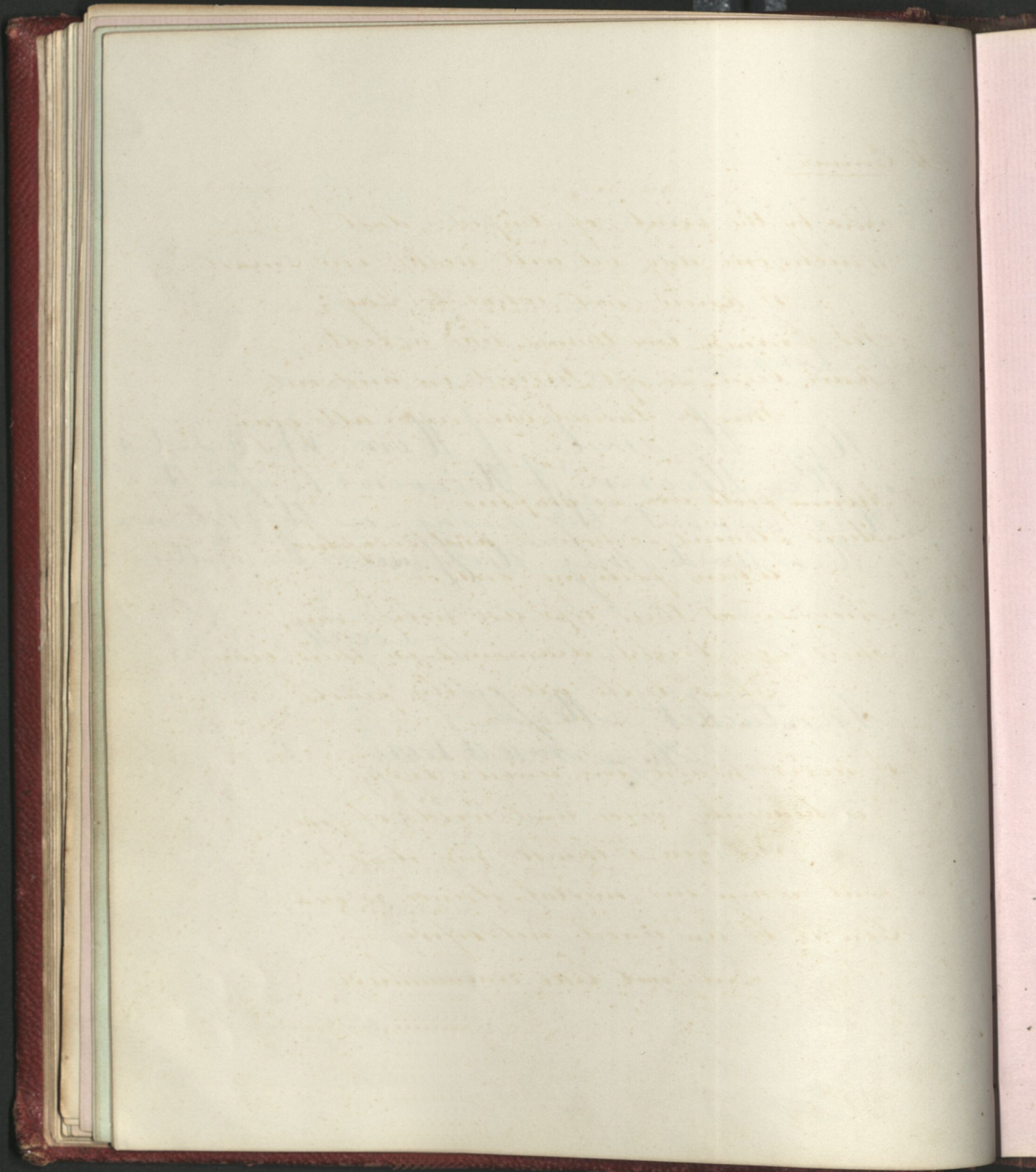
To Emma.

May the smile of Him who resides  
in the Heaven of Heavens be upon thee  
And against thy name in the Volume  
of His word, may Happiness be written

Everett

Wentworth Mass  
August 10<sup>th</sup> 1862







To Emma.

Now, by the point of Cupid's dart!  
Which, one day yet will make you smart,  
I know not what to say;  
For Emma, love-themes, like a coat,  
Have been so oft turned in and out,  
They're thread bare and all gray.

"

Album poets are so graphic,  
Their strains so honied and seraphic,  
When poetizing girls,  
They swear their lips are rubies rare,  
Their eyes bright diamonds in their glare,  
Their teeth all costly pearls.

"

I never heard an angel's lyre,  
His heavenly voice and words of fire,  
Not you, I think, my dear!  
But when our mortal dance is o'er,  
You'll be an angel, not before —  
But not like angels here.



Emma, were a friend sick abed,  
Could softly pillow up his head,  
And sweetly soothe his pain;  
Oh! then heavenly, Emma you'd be,  
A seraph with your cup of tea —  
Oh! most an angel then!

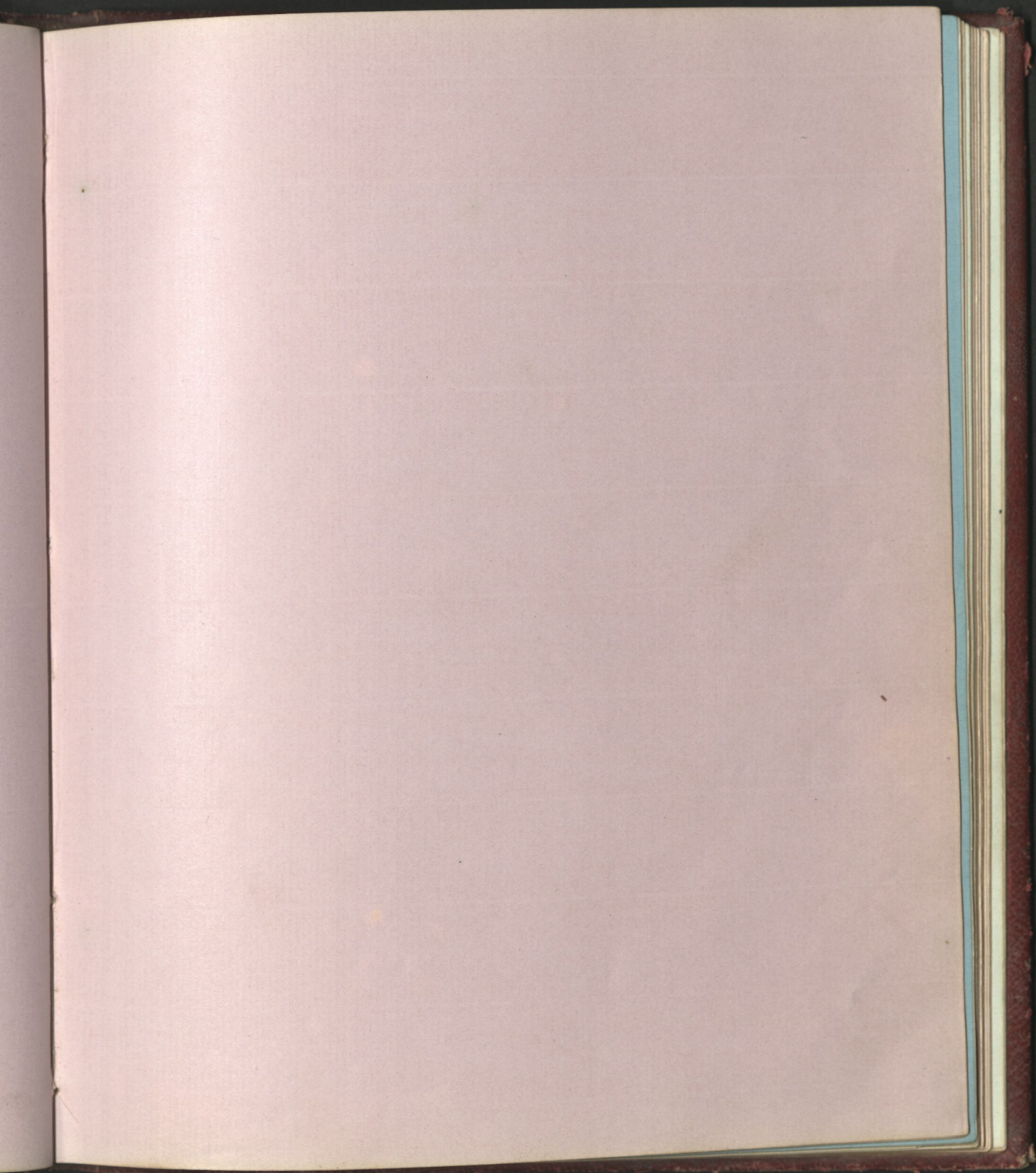
"  
Perhaps on washing days you are,  
Like others, who are Sweet or fair,  
A little tart or so;  
But then, the very sweetest pies,  
Are not so good, in some folks' eyes,  
As cranberry tarts, you know.

"  
But, bless me! how I race along,  
And sing your praises in this song,  
Or whatever you name it —  
I'll rein my pigmy courser in,  
And to his neck his bridle pin.  
Else, dear Emma, you will blame it.

Thos. G. Stowe.

Darmouth N.S. Oct. 7<sup>th</sup> 1861.











To Emma.

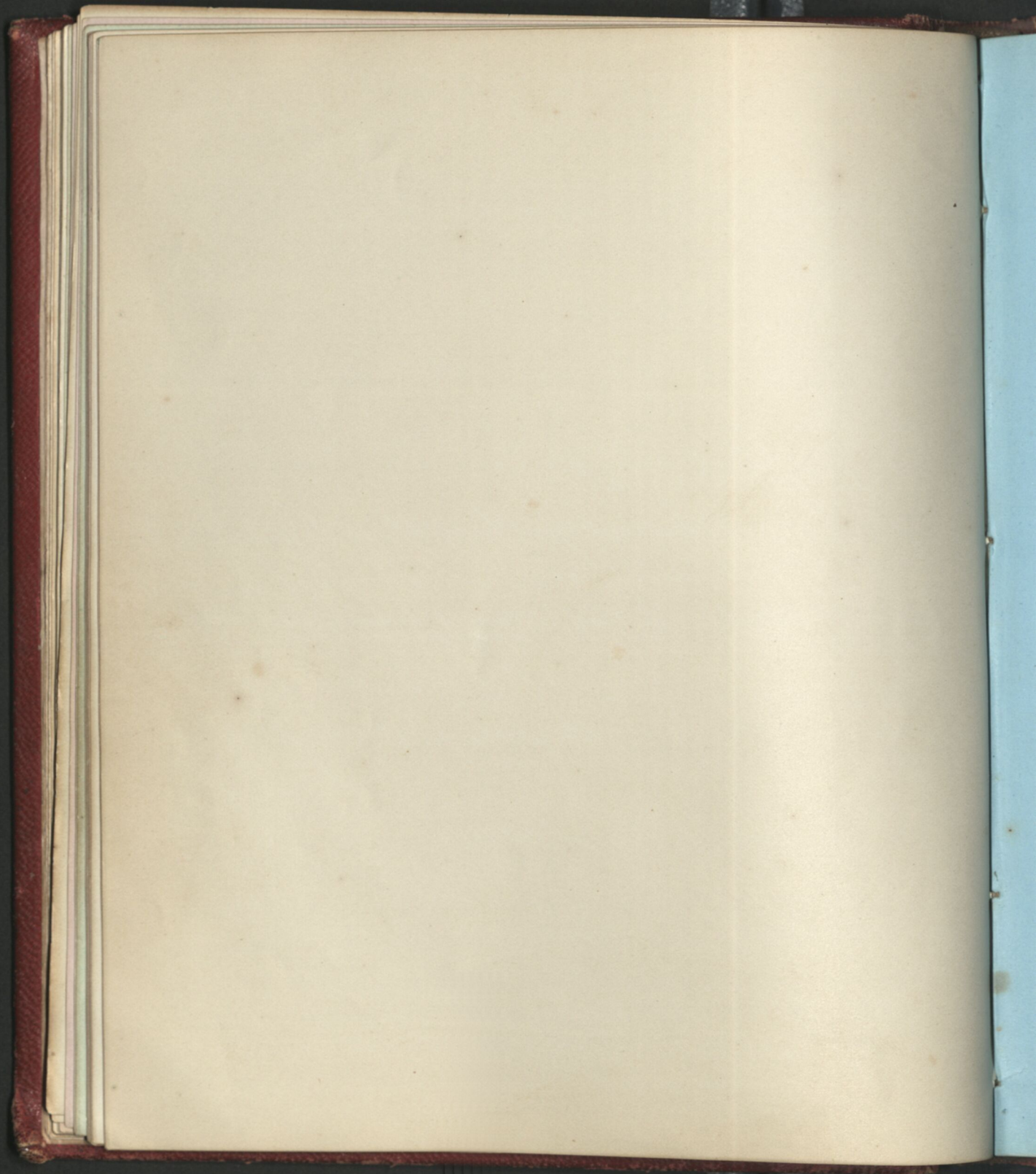
"I cannot o'er thy pathway fling  
A fade-less bud of flowers,  
Nor make thy life to thee all spring;  
Nor sunny all thine hours.  
But I would plant within thy breast,  
The seeds of gentle thought,  
And 'midst the dearest and the best  
One sweet forget me not."

Very truly your friend

Sarah P. Vincent.

Nantucket Oct. 19. 1862.







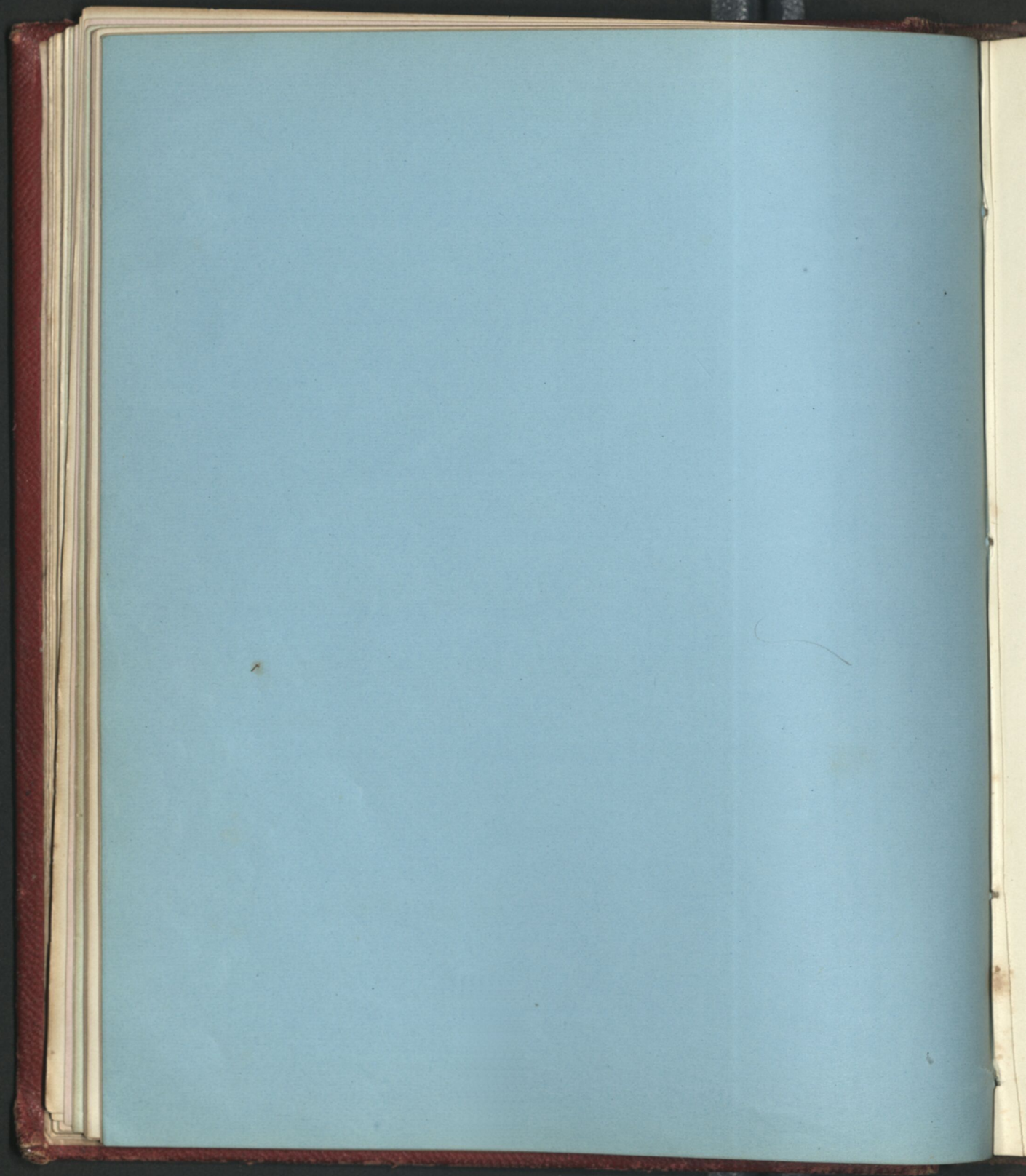
To Emma.

"When oft you turn these pages o'er.  
In search of names for which you sigh.  
Though others may delight you more.  
May mine not pass unheeded by.

Sincerely your friend,  
Lizzie S. Young.

Nantucket March 3<sup>rd</sup> 1863.







To Emma

May the sun set  
Clear with you forever.

Bro Thomas

Nantucket July 23/69



6 June

B. Smith



To  
Emma

Thou canst not recall the years that are gone  
Their joys and their sorrows have fled;  
And friends, once loved in life's early morn,  
Now sleep in the halls of the dead.

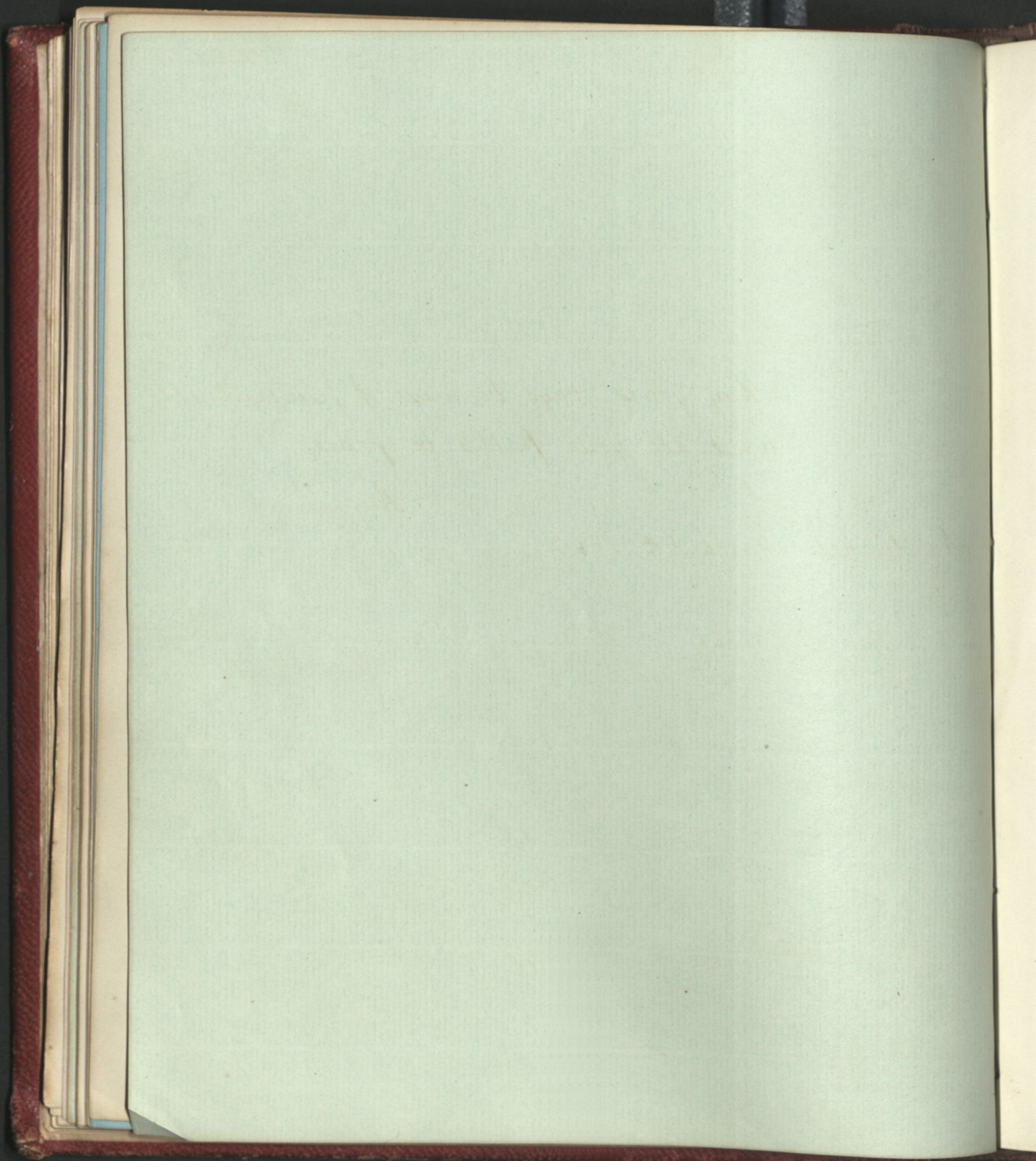
Think not of the past, the present is thine,  
Yes, thine, to improve and enjoy;  
May friendship's strong ties thy fond heart entwine  
With a love that bears no alloy.

Bright be thy future wherever you roam,  
From thy heart each cloud be driven;  
May earth be to thee a sweet peaceful home  
A brighter is thine in Heaven

Barnard.

Yarmouth  
Sept. 24<sup>th</sup> 1861





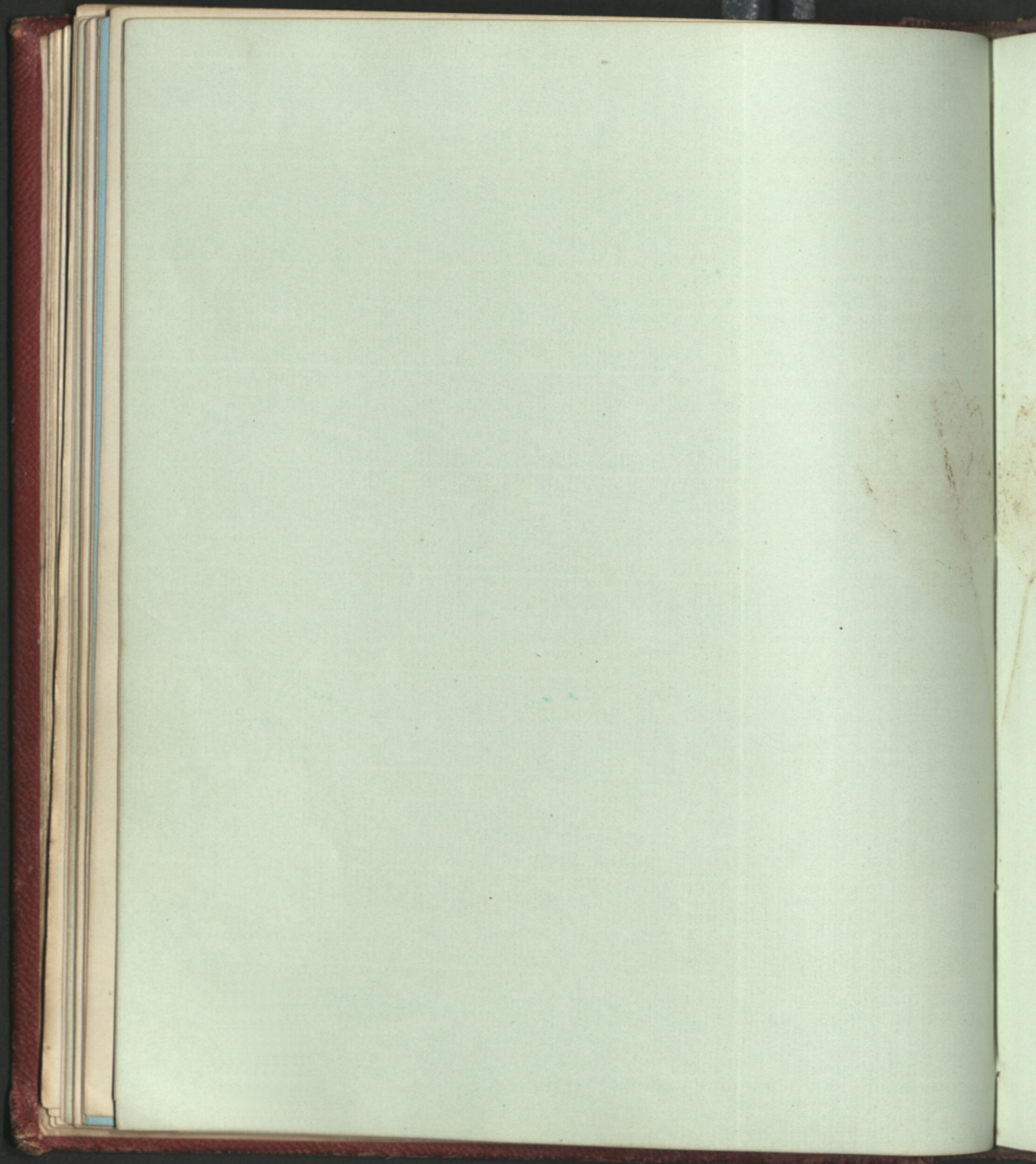


May your ways be ways of pleasantness  
and all your paths be peace.

Annie.

Nantucket. March 8<sup>th</sup> 1863.

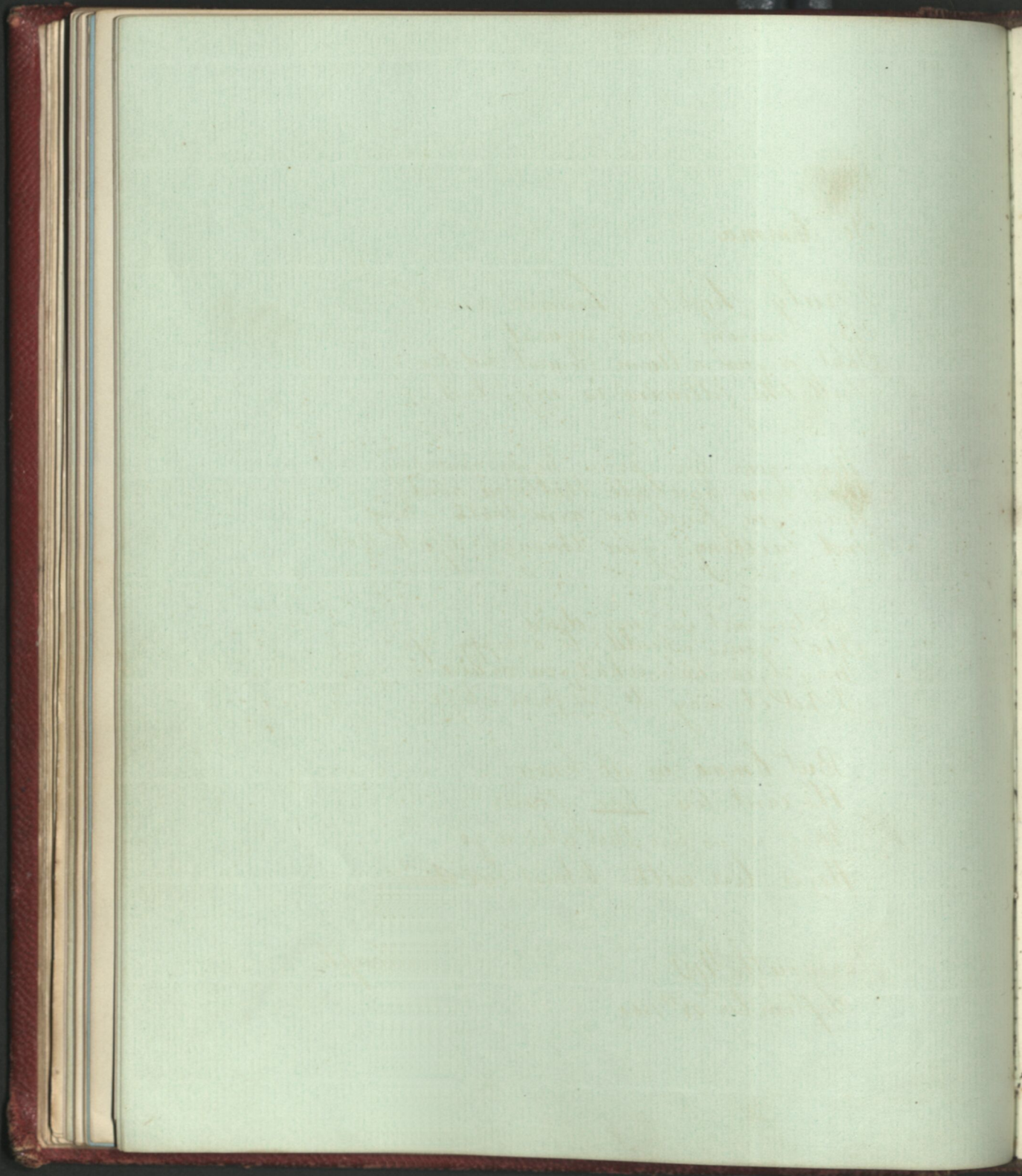














To Emma

Truly highly honored am I  
By receiving your request  
That for your album I'd try  
And the following is my best

May your life prove happy and long  
May you have all that you need  
May you find an arm that's strong  
And willing, you through life to lead

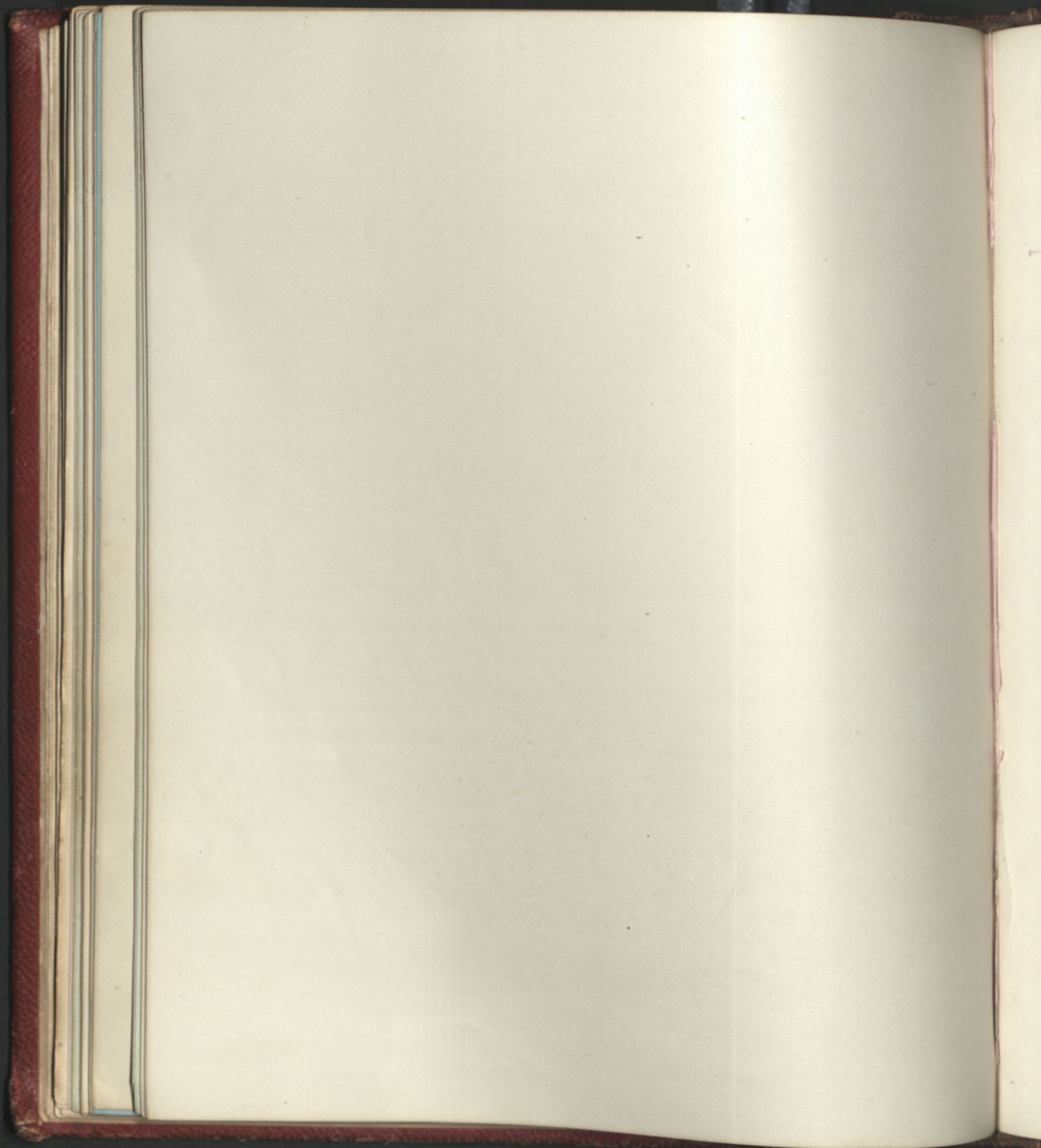
Believe it is my desire  
That yours should be a happy life  
May you have what you require  
That it may be free from strife

But Emma we all know  
We can't live here forever  
May we so live that when we go  
We'll live with Christ our Savior

Darmouth N.H.  
September 27<sup>th</sup> 1861

Joseph





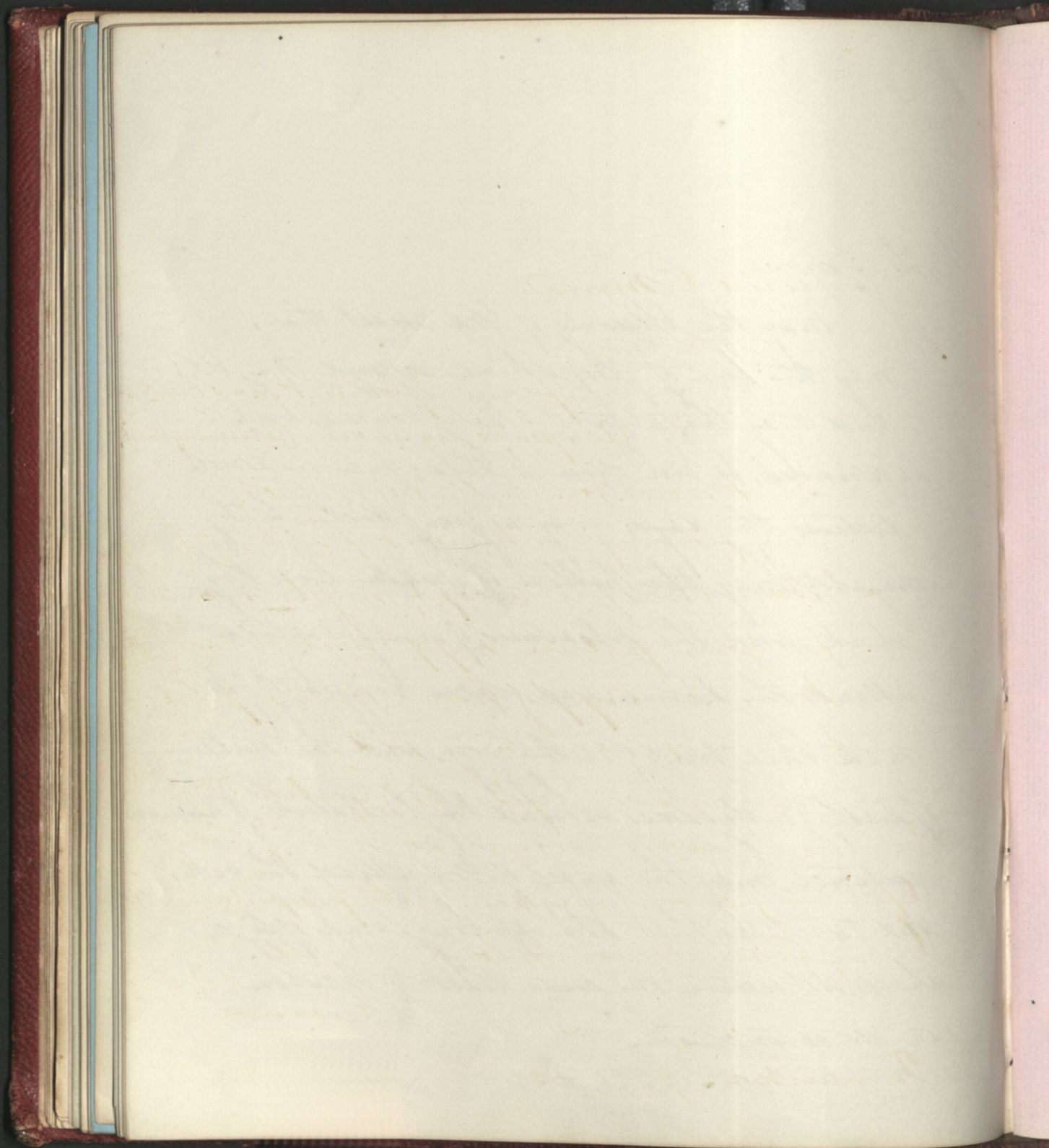


To Emma

May the blessing of God await thee;  
may the sun of glory shine around thy bed;  
and may the gates of plenty, honour, and  
happiness, be ever open to thee; may no sorrow  
distress thy days; may no grief disturb thy  
nights; may the pillow of peace kiss thy  
cheek, and the pleasures of imagination  
attend thy dreams; and when length of years  
make thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain  
of death gently closes around the fast sleep of human  
existence, may the angel of God attend thy bed,  
and take care that the expiring lamp of life  
shall not receive one rude blast to hasten  
on its extinction."

Lizzie







Friend Emma.

Being

"A plain spoken kind o' creature  
As speaks right out what's in my head,

I know you will not expect a  
very flowery sentiment from me.  
Please therefore accept my best wishes  
for your future happiness.

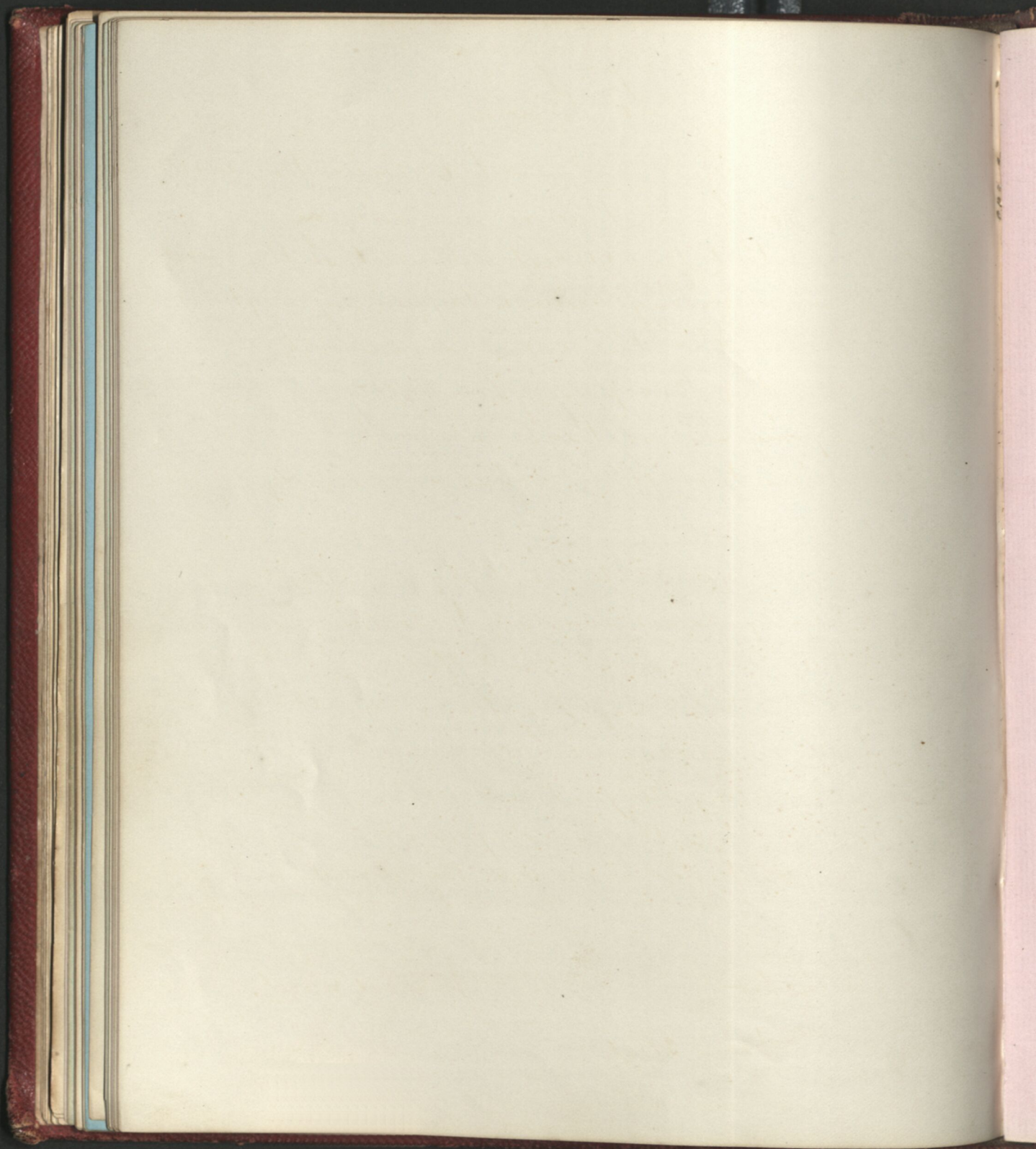
May the happy home of the past  
be increased many fold.

That when adown life's ebbing tide,  
In time's swift sailing barks we glide,  
Oft may our thoughts with pleasure dwell  
On bygone scenes we loved so well.

Freeman

Nantucket Sept 21-62







To Emma.

May Peace be around thee wherever thou art;  
May life be for thee one summer's day,  
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,  
Come smiling around thy sunny way!  
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,  
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,  
Like spring-showers, they'll only make  
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

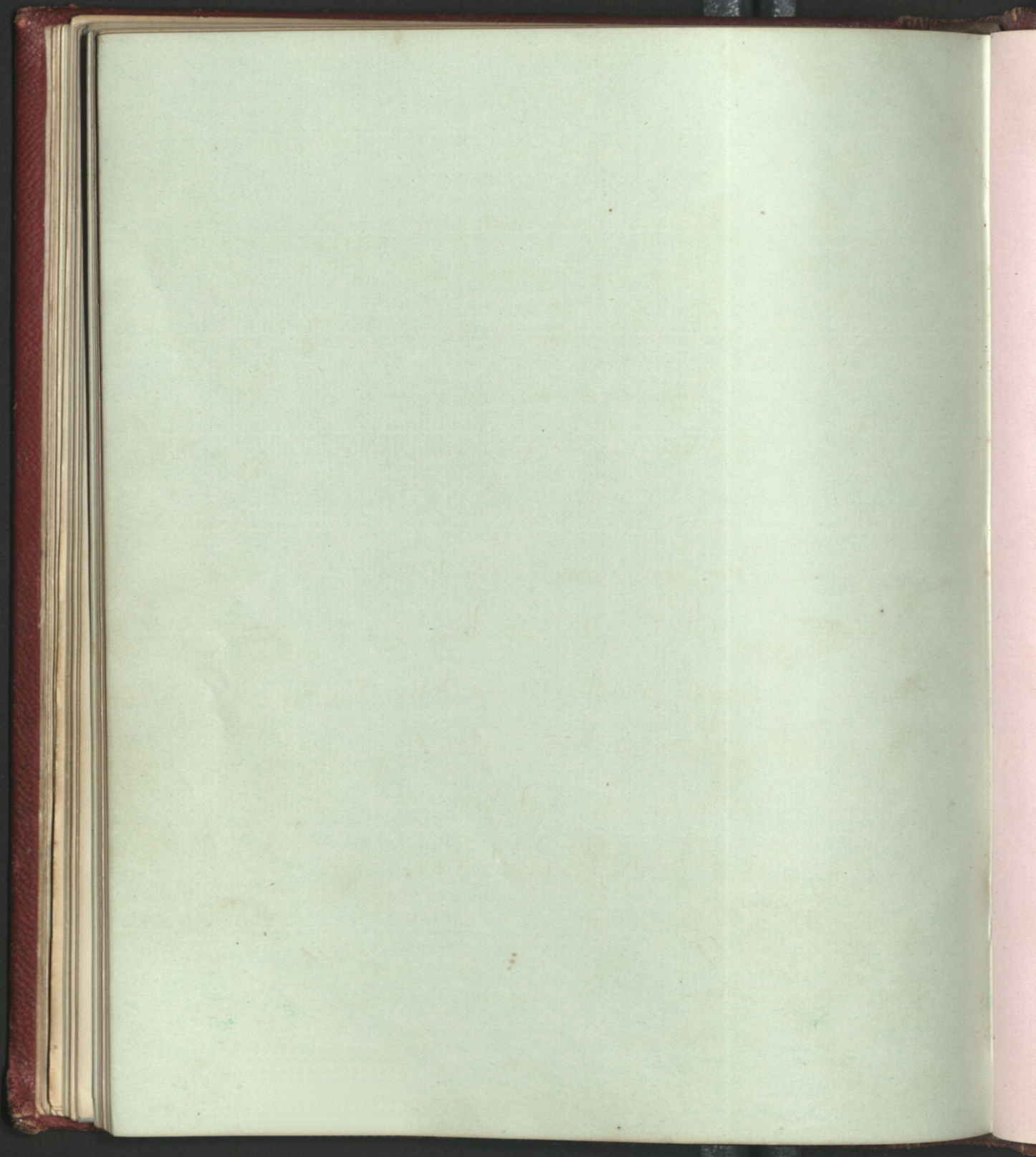
May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,  
And daily dooms some joy to death,  
O'er thee let years so gently fall,  
They shall not crush one flower beneath;  
A half in shade and half in sun  
This world along its path advances,  
May that side the sun's upon  
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

Nantucket.

J. C. Hart, Secy.

June 3, 1867.







To Emma.

From me Emma must you go,  
And from my native shore;  
The cruel fates between us throw,  
A boundless ocean's war;  
But boundless Ocean's, warring wide,  
Between thee and me,  
They never, never, can divide,  
My thoughts from thee;  
Farewell, farewell, Emma dear,  
The maid that I adore!  
We may meet next year,  
And perhaps on "Nant's" shore.

At. Oct 3 1861

Bolton



My dear mother  
I have just received  
your letter of the 11th inst.  
and am glad to hear  
that you are all well.  
I am well at present.

Yours affectionately  
John C. Smith



" May heavenly angels their soft wings display "  
And guide you safe through every dangerous way.  
In every state may you most happy be  
" And when far distant sometimes think of me "  
Lydia.

Pondy<sup>g</sup> Station Oct 4<sup>th</sup> 1863



1. I have been thinking of you very much lately  
and wondering how you are getting on.  
I hope you are well and happy.  
I have been very busy lately  
but I have managed to find some time  
to write you a few lines.  
I am sure you will be glad to hear from me.  
I have been thinking of you very much lately  
and wondering how you are getting on.  
I hope you are well and happy.  
I have been very busy lately  
but I have managed to find some time  
to write you a few lines.  
I am sure you will be glad to hear from me.



To Emma

Few days have seen thy presence here  
And now with mournful spell  
There comes, to ring the parting tear  
The bitter word — "Farewell."  
We scarce have time to clasp thy hand  
Thy voice and step to learn —  
Before to thy own household band  
Thou dost again return  
"Ah! it is this that wrings the heart  
With agonising pain  
'Tis this that makes it hard to part  
Wee may not meet again  
Wee feel, while sad farewell we say  
And lingering glances cast  
This parting word may be for aye  
This look may be the last  
"

over



But let these rain misgivings cease  
And raise our thoughts on high  
So live that we may join in peace  
Above this changeful sky  
The songs of Zion gladly sweet  
Shall not of parting tell  
If not on earth in heaven to meet  
God bles thee - fare the well -

Willy Dennis

Acadia Oct 15 1861

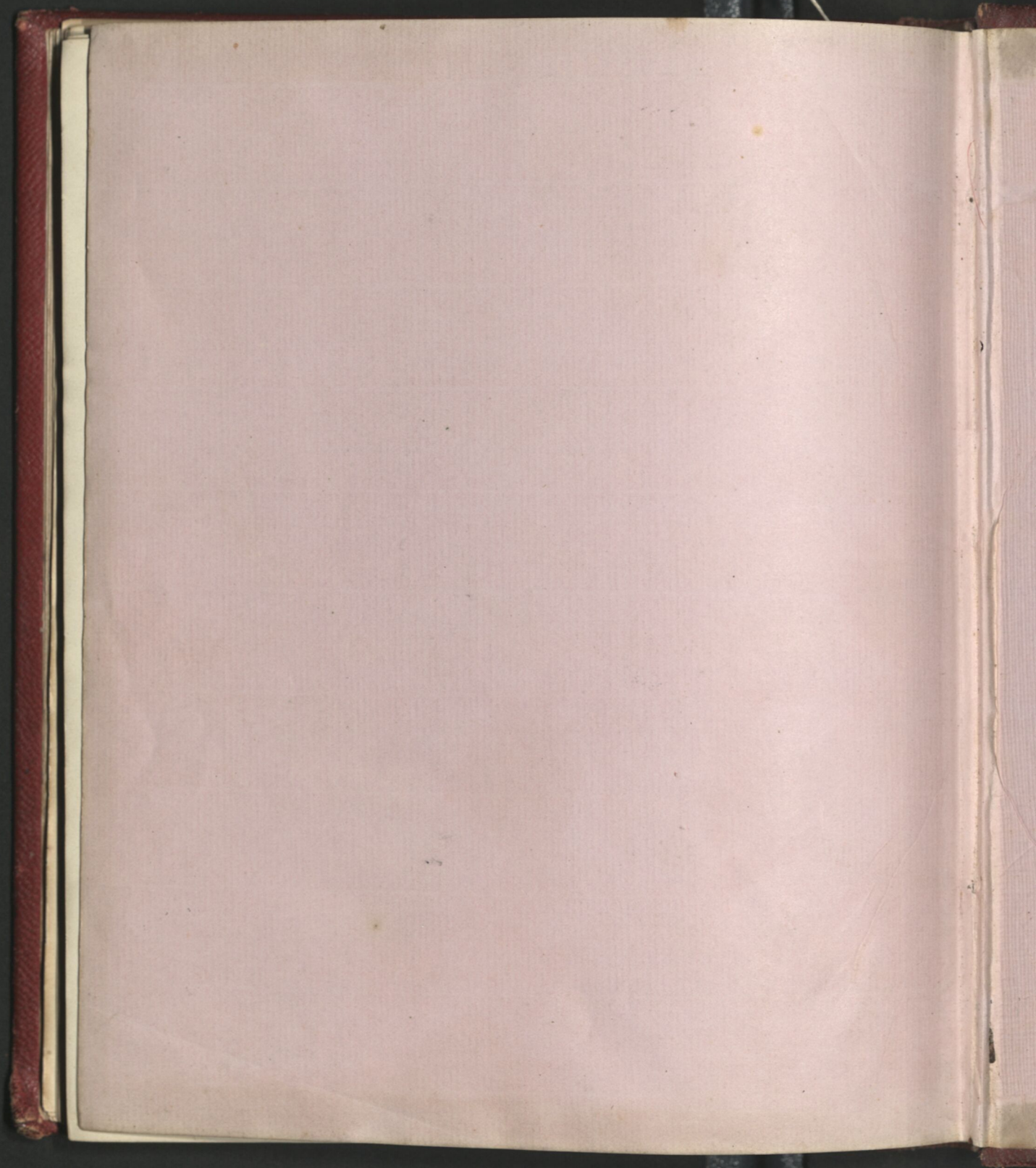


That the first and principal cause  
of the present state of things in this  
country is the want of a  
proper system of agriculture  
and the want of a  
proper system of commerce  
and the want of a  
proper system of manufactures  
and the want of a  
proper system of education  
and the want of a  
proper system of religion  
and the want of a  
proper system of government

Wm. C. C.

1847







To Emma.

"Advice To Sis."

"From virtue's path near dwells  
Its influence be  
Will fill your heart with love & peace  
And to guide divine."

"Ministerially" thy friend

R. W.

J. Antucket Sept 21-1862



